

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing to
Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine
and fancy, pegged and sewed Boots,
Shoes. Repairing neatly done. Op
posite the Post office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,
Single and Double, Lap-ropes, Blan
kets and all other articles kept by the
trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat
ent Water Drawers and pumps for
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular
attention paid to Shampooing, and
the cutting of ladies' and children's
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office
Main street. 34

JOHN BROWN,
Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,
Lamb and all kinds of meat. Temple's
old stand, corner of Main and Wash
ington streets. 34

S. PARKHURST,
Keeps the largest and best assortment
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.
Satisfaction given as to quality and
price. Opposite Post-office.

G. G. TUBBS,
Jeweler. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
repaired. All work promptly attended
to and warranted. Shop in Golt &
Castle's store. 34

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over Golt & Castle's. Orders
left on SLATE will receive prompt at
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office in Mexico Hotel. Entrance on
Church Street. Office hours, 9 to 10
A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or
Road Wagons. Repairing done on
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. Stone, J. M. Hood, E. T. Stone.
B. S. STONE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 7y1

H. H. DOBSON,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1878.

NUMBER 8.

POETRY.

THE NEW BABY.

There's something pretty at my home,
And sweet as sweet can be;
It's just the dearest little thing
That ever I did see.

It's way up stairs and in the bed,
Right close beside my mother;
I'll tell you, for you'd never guess—
It's my dear baby brother.

Lacked my mamma how it came:
She said, "God sent it, dear!"
But I don't see who carried it,
Or how they brought it here.

And when I asked her if it walked
From Heaven yesterday,
She only smiled, and said: "My dear,
Heaven's not so far away."

Nurse said the doctor brought it here,
And that it came last night;
But papa always shuts the door,
And fastens it up tight.

Perhaps he left it just a crack,
So baby could come through;
It's such a very tiny thing,
A little crack would do.

I'll ask papa to leave the door
Open again to night;
Perhaps a little sister'll come,
Shouldn't you think there might?

—Boston Journal.

STORY TELLER.

AN AFTERNOON'S ECONOMY.

I'm sure I've always advocated econ
omy, and practiced it too, for the mat
ter of that. I bought a set of majolica
only yesterday on purpose that I might
spare the French china; and instead
of taking that jeweled singing-bird at
two hundred dollars that tempted me
so much when I was in New York, I
went without it, and took a wonderfully
taught mocking-bird at half the price.
I'm so sorry the poor little thing died!
I do have the strangest luck! And
then I never give my servants presents
of money, but always of my half-worn
clothes, so they look about as fine as I
do. My silk dresses, by the way, wear
a great deal longer than other people's
stuff ones; so that if they cost more
in the beginning, they are cheaper in
the end. I always have them turned
by Kitty, and made over with some
thing handsome—velvet, you know, to
eke out, or lace to hide the cracks;
and although Rex says they're like the
Scotch laird's hose, of which there was
none of the original left, and that it
would be a great deal better if there
wasn't since the making over costs
more than another whole silk would do,
and all that sort of nonsense, still re
mains the fact that there is an exqui
site dress, as good as new, which costs
nobody a penny; and he can put that
in his pipe and smoke it! And there's
the velvet and lace, besides, to trim
another dress by and by, of course—
although lace does fray out and catch
so. Only the other night, running up
to Mrs. Gleason's cottage on the cliff,
I just threw my shawl over my head—
that lovely Chantilly of Grandma
Marsden's—and the wind blew it
against the sweet-brier, and the sweet
brier waved it one way and I ran the
other, and I suppose it will cost me
forty dollars to have it mended, if
there is a lace-maker in the city who
can meddle with that stitch. How
ever, that's neither here nor there. I
say I approve of economy—at least
I do if he wants me to; at least I
used to do so—and Rex says I don't
even know how to spend the word, and
that when I go shopping, I say to the
salesman, "Dear me, how cheap! can't
you take a little more?"

It wasn't, you know, as if we were
in any want that we would have this
talk about economy; for between the
money that dear papa left and all that
Grandma Marsden has given to me,
and the income entailed on Rex, we
are able to do pretty much as we please
within bounds, and allow ourselves
some one great extravagance every
year. We took it last year in a foot
of wood. A foot of wood? I'll tell you
all about it. But, as I was saying,
Rex approves of economy whether I
do or not; he thinks he does; he
says that's the way papa and Grandma
Marsden made and kept; and once he
said that to go on as we were going
would make a prince come to the end
of his purse. And I said, "How do
we go?"

"Ad libitum," said he.

"And how would you have us go?"
I asked.

"As if there were a day after to-mor
row," he returned.

"I'm sure, Reginald Parks, I don't
know what you mean. As if there
were a day after to-morrow! Of course
there is, unless the world comes to an
end."

"I don't mean that. I mean with
some thought for the future."

"Oh, if you only mean foresight, I
have day after to-morrow's dinner or
dered to-day—white soup, salmon,
lobster cutlets and sweet-breads, roast
chicken and tongue, peas and potatoes,
and ratafia pudding and straw-berry
cream—and I should think that was
foresight enough for anybody."

"Dinner enough. A dinner like
that for two! Well, after we've picked
a little of it, what becomes of the rest?"

"Becomes of the rest? How do you
suppose I know?"

"You ought to know."

"Why, it goes into the kitchen."

"And then?"

"Reginald Parks! what on earth
has come over you? Do you suppose
I am going round spying through the
kitchen to see if the servants eat too
much?"

"No, I don't suppose you are. That's
just what I say. But I suppose you
should."

"Hurry into the kitchen and say:
'Save this, and 'Don't touch that'—all
your idea of economy, Rex! Take one
of my beautiful toilettes into that
steamy, greasy place where a dinner
has just been concocted, keep, perhaps,
the breast of a bird and lose a breadth
of silk! You put me in mind of old
Tom at his cider barrel, 'saving at the
spile and spilling at the bung.'"

"Very inelegant, my dear, I mean
nothing of the sort. If I were a house
keeper, I should go in the morning."

"My morning toilettes are just as
pretty."

"Oh, hang your toilettes! I should
go in the morning and take my inven
tory and my measures together. And
if the servants knew you were coming
daily to perform that act of superin
tendence, it would make the difference
of a couple of dinners a week to us."

"I'd rather take in sewing. I should
not dare to look them in the face. The
idea of grudging my servants!"

"Oh, Clara, you're perfectly hope
less!" then Rex wound up. And at
that I cried, and of course then he had
to console me; and it was a great deal
nicer than if we hadn't quarreled.

"I'm sure I want to economize," I
said. "I wear silks, but Kitty makes
them; and I think they're cheapest in
the long run, and one feels so much
more comfortable. And then you al
ways used to like to see me in silks."

"And so I do now. Of course I do.
It isn't that I would deprive you of a
single trifle, Clara, my darling, for any
thing in all the world; nothing is too
good for you. It's only—only—why,
you never scrutinize an account."

"I deal with honest people. I'd be
ashamed to."

"Well, the consequence is that you
don't even know the price of mutton,
and the tradesmen whack on any price
they choose. Now what if we should
lose our income by any hocus-poems?
—such things have happened. What
should we do?"

"Do? Why, do what other people
do. Everybody seems to get along.
Creditors allow you something, don't
they—so much a day?" And then Rex
burst out in a great laugh, and cried:
"You are certainly incorrigible, you
lovely little idiot!" And we were off
for a drive, and that was the end of
that lesson.

Every once in a while Reginald used
to have one of those fits of economy.
His mother would say to me, when she
came over: "Acquiesce in it; agree
with him; do your best to meet his
wishes, when the fit is on; he'll soon
get all he wants of it." And so he
did.

You know our little place on the
Naufragio beach? Well, it is so lovely
that we determined to make it our
permanent home, and go to the city
and a hotel for two or three of the
worst winter months, but give up the
city house and have only one establish
ment. General Durcean's is at the

head of the cliff, and he lives there all
the year around, and Mrs. Gleason's is
directly adjoining, and we are down
below on the Long Beach, where I
don't know how many ships have come
ashore, and no end of floatsam and
jetsam, as Rex calls it. Spars come
ashore; bales, bottles holding letters,
drift-wood half ground to powder;
once I picked up a sailor's cap, and
once, do you believe, a cradle with a
little baby in it, sound asleep, and
rocking so sweetly on the waves—I
did so want to keep it; but, of course
a mother had to turn up, rescued, too,
on the other side of General Durcean's
cliff. Well, one afternoon Rex and I
were walking on the Long Beach, mak
ing believe look for the quicksand.
It was after dinner time—we had ex
pected Colonel M'Manus, but he hadn't
come—and of course I was nicely
dressed. I always do dress for Rex,
but I had taken unusual pains to-day,
for Rex had some business reasons for
desiring me to make an uncommonly
good impression on the Colonel. The
colonel was securing a charter for some
tremendous undertaking—tunneling
Cotopaxi or the Atlantic, or something
of the sort, sure to make the everlast
ing fortune of all included, and Rex
wished to be included; and the col
onel was so irascible, and so impor
tant and pompous and haughty, that
we wanted he should have the best of
everything; so in his absence a mag
nificent dinner was spoiled, and my
superb toilet lost. I have never worn
my dress before, either: it was just
the loveliest shade of royal purple, a
melted amethyst, and it was deadened
and half covered with black lace, my
best and dearest, fine as a cobweb. Of
course it was no dress for beach-walk
ing. "Let us have a five minutes stroll,"
said Rex. "Perhaps the old bloke
went to the other station; I'll send
Terence round;" and I had just thrown
on my scarf and gathered my dress up
out of harn's way—the beach couldn't
hurt my gold cable-chain, nor my pink
corals—born of the sea itself—and had
run after him. We hadn't taken ten
steps before I found that the fit was
on, and that he had it bad. The fact
was, that, comfortable as we were, Rex
had become discontented among rich
er people, and was nursing the idea
that he should like to be a millionaire;
and there were some excellent schemes
and chances for capital that he knew
about, and it vexed him to think he
had no capital to spare; and he dwelt
on it, and dwelt on it. It seemed to
him so ignoble to be living on his
grandfather's entailed estate, and to
be making nothing of his own; and as
we spent every penny every year, he
decided that the one way to get any
capital was to save some, and that I
was the one to save it, and if he could
only force me into a beginning, the
thing would be done by natural mo
mentum. But there—could he change
the spots on the leopard?

"See here," said he, that afternoon,
as we walked; "look at that. Enough
wood to last us the year round thrown
on this shore, and nobody picking up
a stick of it!"

"It's nothing but chips," said I.

"Chips?" said he. "Let me tell you,
chips make as good a blaze as heart
can wish. We could burn these chips
in every grate we have; and some of
them are goodly pieces."

"And go without our beautiful sea
coal fire!"

"Our sea-coal costs us thirty dollars
a ton, and these chips cost nothing.
I suppose if they did cost thirty
dollars a ton, ships would be chartered
to bring them from the ends of the
earth. As it is Terence could be
gathering them when he has nothing
else to do. And as for beauty, Clara,
I should like to hear any one compare
the beauty of any coal with that of a
drift-wood blaze, rolling all manner of
splendid alkaline-dyed flashes of color
up the chimney!"

"Oh, well," said I, "if you think it
will be nice to have baskets of these
poverty-stricken chips standing round
the hearth, making no end of dust and
litter, the fire fed every two minutes,
or else all out, and the little sparks
snapping everywhere, you'd better try
it. There's no excuse for a wood fire
anyway, unless it's of whole logs, with
a tremendous core of red heat, in a

huge chimney big enough to warm a
castle."

"But they'd certainly burn in the
kitchen stoves."

"I'd like to hear you asking Nora to
burn them instead of her Lackawanna
and Franklin. They'd have time to do
nothing else in the kitchen, but feed
the fire. Tisn't even in the right shape
for kindlings there."

"Clara, I believe you disdain the
very idea of economizing anywhere."

"I don't see any economy in it.
If it were necessary, it would be a
very disagreeable necessity. But if we
can't afford to buy our coal, we had
better shut up the house, and dismiss
the servants, and live in a tent, and
burn our chips outside of it, under the
bake kettle."

"Very practical. I'm glad to see
that you know what a bake kettle is."

"Well, did you marry me for a cook?"

"What a little fraud you'd have been
if I had! Come don't be silly! I
didn't marry you to be ruined by
careless waste and extravagance."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"What do you call it, then? Here
are cords of drift-wood thrown up
with almost every other tide, and in
stead of harvesting it, we let it wash
away with the next, and you laugh at
me and get angry and call me names
if I propose to save some of it."

"Call you names!"

"Yes, you do. You think it's mean
and sordid."

"I never said so, anyway. That's
your guilty conscience. Oh, pshaw!
I think it's silly and very impractical."

"Well, I don't care what you think!
Here's the beach covered with this
light wood, and I'm going to call the
servants and have it gathered before
dark."

"You can't; for Terence is waiting
with the horses at the other station
for the colonel, and you gave little
Jim leave to go to his grandmother's,
and it's Hannah's evening out, and
Kitty must be in readiness to wait on
the table; and so there's nobody but
Nora, and she's busy, and it isn't her
work, and she'd refuse to do it, and
that would make you angry, and I
should lose a good cook."

"Five servants to wait upon two
people! It's shameful!" groaned Rex.
"They're not waiting on two people.
They're taking care of the grounds,
the horses, the house, and cooking for
company more than for us."

"Well, then, if there's nobody else,
I'll do it myself," he said, desperately
—"I'll do it myself."

"And I'll sit down here and see how
long it will be before you are tired of
it."

"I dare say you will!" he exclaimed,
savagely. "I suppose it would break
your back to pick up one of these
chips."

"Oh, if that's what you mean," cried
I, in an answering fury—we did fight
just like children—"if you want your
wife for a drudge, I guess I can pick
up wood as long as the next one!"
I declare I didn't seem to know Rex
any longer, and I'm very sure he didn't
know me. I doubled up my skirt and
pinned it back like a fish woman—I
didn't have another pin about me than
that long gold one with the diamond
head that he used to admire so, but
I quilted it in; and I tied a knot in
my scarf—it was my old rose-colored
and gold India mantle; and I ran and
hurled them up the beach, and Rex
was tossing them up too; and before
I knew it there was a stack of them,
and I was determined that my stack
should be as big as his; and presently
he stopped and slapped the dust off
his hands and looked at me and laughed.

"What do you mean to do with
your pile when it's done?" said he.

"Set fire to it, and run away by the
light of it," said I.

"No, I wouldn't," said he. "It would
be a great deal better to kiss your
husband and make up." And so we
did—there was never anybody to see
on our Long Beach. "Now," said
Rex, "I don't want you to do this.
I'm just going to finish these piles
myself to show Terence what he could
do in a spare hour, and what he's
neglecting."

"Oh, I think it's good fun," said I,
and at it we went again, each trying

to out-do the other; now gathering
the dry splinters, now growing greedy
and trying to fetch in some big stick
floating in a little bight, and reaching
out for it, I sure to lose my balance
and plunge in over shoes and scream
and run—my beautiful new French
boots that I had paid twenty dollars
for the last time I was in town, and
they wouldn't even do for Kitty now!
But no matter, we were having a royal
time, and had forgotten all about
Colonel M'Manus.

"If you knew how it made you look,
you'd take such exercise every day,"
Rex stopped long enough to take
breath and say, "Your cheeks are
like two roses."

And of course I didn't stay at that;
and a gay half hour it was. All at
once I felt wet to my skin, and I
looked, and there was the skirt of my
dress that I had pinned up so carefully
all drabbled, and the front of it wet
through with the dripping of the last
wood I had saved, and the pin—"Oh,
I've lost the pin!" I exclaimed—"my
beautiful long diamond-headed pin!"

"You have? Well, charge it to
profit and loss," said Rex. "It would
be idle to look for it on this sand and
shingle—a needle in a haymow, and a
dark haymow, too, presently. It's
gone to keep company with my cuff
button."

"Oh, Rex! One of your wonderful
cuff buttons!" I cried, standing still
with my armful. They were antiques
—one of the very things, they said,
when we bought them at Rome, that
Cellini had of the peasants, who found
them when turning up the ancient soil
about the vines—heads of Caesars ex
quisitely cut in onyx. And just then,
as I was exclaiming, a wave came
running up behind me and knock
ed my feet up like two ninepins, and
I fell face down, and the wood in my
arms struck my necklace of carved coral
roses, and they flew a hundred ways
at once; and the next instant there
was a great sound in my ears, and
I felt the world going away from under
me, and Rex seized me just in time
and pulled and threw me upon the
sand, and there was a whole shelf torn
down and gone, and my corals with
it. "The scream of a maddened beach
dragged down by the wave," said Rex,
laughing, for fear I should be crying.
"Your'e not hurt, darling?"

"Oh, quick! quick! I'm sinking!" I
cried in agony. And so I was—in
the quicksand, which we had always
heard moved up and down the Long
beach, but which we had never be
lieved in because we couldn't find it.
"I'll be sucked in in a moment!" I
shrieked, "Something's pulling me
underneath! Boards—quick—one of
the planks! Oh, Rex! Rex! What a
horrid death! I'm going! oh, good
bye, darling!"—And the last I knew
I saw him flat on his face crawling
toward me over the sand. And when
I opened my eyes again I was in my
own bed, with Rex hanging distract
edly over the foot of it, and the doctor
putting a spoon between my teeth,
and all the lamps in the house burn
ing. And if I had been dying I should
have laughed at Kitty as she stood
just within the door of the dressing
room holding up in dismay a mass of
mud and finery that she would never
be able to make over for herself.

"Surely," said Nora, looking in next
day, "it's lucky the jentlemen went off
as he come the night, for the masher
was that wild he'd ha' never sane him."

"What gentleman?" said I.

"The wan Teddy, wint to fetch an
missed."

"Oh, Colonel M'Manus! Then he's
come!"

"An' gone. By the same token,
whin he found there was divil a sowl
to resave him, an' the dinner burned
to a cinder as I towld him, an' he
overlooked like, he takes up an' down,
an' av 'twas Ted I should be after
sayin' he was mad at onst, but bein' a
jentleman." And Nora turned away,
her arms in her apron and her nose in
the air. But the sarcasm doing her
good, she came back presently. "Ye
poor darlin'!" said she—I never could
teach my servants the least respect
for me—"I was that scared whin I see
himself bringin' ye in, a lump of mud,
an' he as white as the back of your
hand, that I forgot intirely the mes

sage the big colonel left, the divil fly
away with him!"

"Message?"

"Jist that. To give Mr. Parks his
card, and say that Colonel M'Manus—
bad cess to the likes of him!—had no
time to travel a hunder miles twice!"

When I was well and about again,
we were out on the Long beach another
twilight, but taking excellent care
of our steps, and keeping quite on
this side of the two great piles of drift
wood that adorned it.

"How much wood do you suppose
there is in these piles, Rex?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe a foot."

"A foot! How absurd—and the piles
half as high as I am!"

"Oh, not any more. An eighth of
a cord is putting it large."

"And how much is wood a cord?" I
persisted with aggravating pertinacity.

"Oh, come now, Clara, I know what
you are driving at. Eight or nine
dollars;" and he swore a little under
his breath. I thought.

"You'd better!" said I. "There's a
dollar's worth of wood there—I like
to scrutinize my accounts, you know
—let's see what it cost us; one diamond
headed pin, one carved coral necklace,
one amethyst silk dress, one brussels
lace overdress, one pair of French
boots, one India mantle, one priceless
and antique intaglio, one dress suit,
one pair of Paris gaiters, doctor's and
druggist's bills. Per contra, one foot
of—"

"And the whole of it," cried Rex, a
trifle, a bagatelle, a mere fraction. It
cost us the chance in M'Manus' great
enterprise, that's just as sure to win
as the sun is to rise to-morrow. A
deuced dear foot of wood! Clara, I
never mean to preach or practice one
jot or tittle of economy again. We
may starve, but we'll never economize!"

"That's a dear boy! Now let's burn
it; we piled it up to burn, you know."
And I snatched his match safe, and
was running to the piles, Rex follow
ing. There it goes!" said I, at last,
comfortably retreating. "They're fu
neral pyres. We'll throw on them all
our economy."

"And our desire to be millionaires."
"And our quarreling."

"And our fear of coming to the
poor house."

And as the great rosy sheets of

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY,
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN,
23 Linden St., Cleveland O., Editors.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.00
If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are invariable. Remit by post-
office money order, or by registered letter.
69 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with
the name and address of the writer, not neces-
sarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good
faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for
views and opinions expressed in communica-
tions.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Let-
ters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the foreign De-
partment should be sent to the Foreign Editor,
Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon
application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1878.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

"Reorganizing" the Ohio Institution.

The hardest work known to mortal
principal is, perhaps, to please the
politicians. Who, that has followed the
annual course of the Ohio Institution,
would suppose that there was the least
ground for charges of extravagance
necessitating legislative action? The
institution has over four hundred and
fifty pupils whose oversight and care,
as well as that touching financial mat-
ters, are vested in a superintendent,
the present incumbent of the position
being Mr. G. O. Fay. To him, for this
vast and responsible work which he is
doing and has done in a superlatively
efficient manner, is paid the annual
salary of \$1,200! It is a miserable pit-
tance at best, the magnitude and high
order of the work considered.

Mr. Fay has, for many consecutive
years, steadily reduced the *per capita*
cost of maintenance till now it is only
\$195. When we consider that in the
next institution analogous in point of
numbers, the New York Institution,
the cost is \$300 *per capita*, we wonder
why the Ohio Legislature cannot see
and appreciate, and, if not applaud
and congratulate, at least let well enough
alone.

It seems that a legislator has in-
troduced a bill for the "reorganization"
of the institution; that is, he proposes
to cut down every salary from the su-
perintendent to the common laborer.
Possibly he may, if he finds his views
backed, conclude not to stop here, but
to reduce the number of employees also,
and to change the whole *personelle*.
If the whole or the part of this pro-
gramme is carried out, Ohio will find
herself, in the end, paying terribly dear
for this contemptible whistle. We pub-
lish the following extract from a Cin-
cinnati paper, which evidently under-
stands the eternal fitness of things:

"A special to the Cincinnati Gazette
says: 'A careful examination of Wil-
liams' bill to reorganize the deaf and
dumb institution shows it to be the
meanest little creature ever introduced
in the Ohio Legislature. The smallest
salaries are reduced, and the larger
ones cut down so that specialists can
not be employed. Taking care of the
deaf and dumb is pre-eminently a
labor; it requires years of practice
and great natural aptitude, to fit one
for it; but this bill proposes a complete
change, from superintendent down to
common laborer, and practically forbids
any but the cheapest to be employed.
If passed in its present shape, it will
result in setting the institution back
for a quarter of a century.'"

A POSSIBLE COMBINATION.

It having been established to the
satisfaction of the most skeptical that
the common school is not the place for
a deaf-mute to receive his instruction,
we wish to inquire whether the school-
rooms of a well-organized and well-
conducted institution for the deaf and
dumb are not good places for the hear-
ing child to receive its education.
Against the argument that the child,
if the teacher is a deaf-mute, would
have no chance to use its voice, we
answer that, there being a time for
everything, the exercise of the vocal
powers properly belongs to those hours
passed with the teacher of articulation,
and to the time spent by the child at
home with its family. If, as some
claim, there is little difference between
the mind of the deaf-mute and that of
the hearing child, there is none what-
ever between it and the semi-mute.
Place a genuine semi-mute, and all
teachers know what we mean by gen-
uine, in a class of deaf-mutes, under
a good teacher, and that semi-mute will
improve faster in the social acquire-
ments he would or could be his near-
ing perfect and his school a public

one. It is, we believe, true that there
are semi-mutes in institutions for the
deaf, who, pitted against hearing youth
of analogous age and duration of in-
struction, would beat them every time.
The language of signs does not seem to
hurt the semi-mute, but his intellectual
powers actually appear to be refreshed
and to thrive by it. Semi-mutes have
been known to use signs to excess, in
all manner of ways, in and out of ses-
son, and yet to turn up among the best
scholars and sign-makers of the pro-
fession.

The point we wish to make is, that
it would be undoubtedly of the highest
advantage to speaking youth to be
compelled to study as deaf-mutes do,
and to recite in the same manner.
This perpetual writing, writing exercise
after exercise, could not fail to incul-
cate and perpetuate those correct prin-
ciples of composition in which the
youth of the period is too often so
lamentably deficient. The quantity of
sign and dactylographic language these
hearing pupils acquired, if it did not
have its uses, would certainly be free
from its evils. It would hurt no
one, while the probability would be
that from the talented among the pu-
pils might spring a growth of future
teachers of the deaf, of a quality heret-
ofore unsurpassed, and, indeed, in
many cases, unequalled by the existing
speaking *personelle* of the instructors
in the profession.

We did not start to fortify a sug-
gestion with a concise and graded ar-
gument, or even to make a proposition.
We wish to be understood as simply
giving expression to a few thoughts
which we do not classify as wild. We
think results would obtain sufficient to
justify the trial, and we wish we knew
where to lay our hands on the requisite
funds, for we are confident that under
proper systems, in proper hands, with
proper numbers, such a school would
outlive the inevitable initial curiosity,
and reach the ultimate standing of an
institution of great practical good.

RATHER TOO MUCH EXPANDED.

Again are we subjected to the mor-
tifying necessity of closing the flood-
gates to repel the farther ingress of a
long-winded argument, to which we
have given much space in our paper
for the last few weeks—an argument
which has, to all concerned, proved
profitless, and one that has become
stale to the eyes of many readers and
positively disgusting to their senti-
ments. We refer to the animated dis-
cussion lately carried on between some
of our (otherwise) able and apt corre-
spondents involving the *pros* and *cons*
in regard to the habit of some of attach-
ing "*nom de plumes*," (we have recently
seen the words so often in print that
we have almost learned to hate the
term), instead of affixing their names
to their articles. We had thought that
all things on this terrestrial sphere had
a beginning an end, but for some time
past it has (to us at least,) looked as
if this "*nom de plume*" business might
have had its *alpha*, but there seemed
but little, and that a very delusive,
prospect that it would ever be blessed
with its very essential *omega*; and the
enforced consequence is that we are
necessitated, in regard to that particu-
lar business, to say to one and all who
have sent us communications on the
above-named subject, and to all others,
if there should be such, who think of
adding their "*say-so*" to the written
volumes that have already been pub-
lished in the JOURNAL: "Don't!" "For-
bear!" "Don't be too persevering in
a poor cause!" "Keep back!!!!"
Please rally to the support of our
better purpose. We say this in all
charity, and for the good of deaf-mute
literature.

We now have on hand correspondence
relating to the above-stated subject
which, for prudential reasons, we must
reject, although it came from one of
our most able contributors. It is
scarcely, after what we have just said,
worth while to add that we are not in
want of any more correspondence, from
any source, that has any bearing what-
ever on the above-specified topic. We
will, however, say "Boys," you have
done well in your arguments, and you
have fought the battle worthy of a bet-
ter and (to many,) far more congenial
cause. And now, we would beg to say,
as we have been long-forbearing, and
allowed you much space, please recip-
rocate by sending some *news* for our
paper. Act your pleasure about mak-
ing your names known to the reading
public. We are bound to please you
in that respect, and take great pleasure
in doing so.

SERVICE FOR DEAF-MUTES.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held
in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue,
Brooklyn, E. D., next Sunday, the 24th
inst., at 3 P. M.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THERE are 94 pupils at the West Virginia Insti-
tution.

THE *Mirror* man has quit smoking. Congratu-
lations are in order.

THE *Mirror* is thankful that its Legislative
sessions are biennial.

THREE hundred volumes have been added to
the Illinois Institution library.

A REWILDERED man entered the Kansas Insti-
tution, and asked if it was a hotel.

H. S. Darnielle is President of the North-west-
ern Deaf-Mute Christian Association.

THE cow nuisance is a serious thing down at
the Virginia Institution. Butcher a few.

THE *Gazette* rubs its hands in joyful visions of
the treat coming in a local breach of promise case.

A SEMI-mute pupil of the Nebraska Institution
has contributed a creditable article to the local
paper.

THE "Let us have peace" motto of the *Tablet*
has been beautifully worsened by a young lady
down there.

THE *Kansas Star* says the British bull is just
the "critter" to paw and snort when all the dan-
ger is over.

"Add Panache," says the *Kansas Star*, has sub-
scribed \$100 to the Northwestern Deaf-Mute
Christian Association.

THE Alabama Institution is fitted up nicely for
80 pupils. The paraphernalia is all there; but
the pupils don't come.

When this item reaches the public the semi-
annual examinations of the Michigan Institution
will have come and gone.

THEY had an entertainment at the Kansas In-
stitution recently. The programme was varied.
Mr. R. T. Thompson conducted it.

A TRAMP with a black eye turned up at the
Colorado Institution, and begged the loan of ten
cents, and the *Star* man asks if he got it.

DR. GILBERT, of the Illinois Institution, speaks
a good word for his officers, complimenting them
for pulling together in perfect harmony.

THE editor of the *Kansas Star* says currency is
getting scarce, and if it can't get the "dollars of
our daddies" it will take any other man's.

MRS. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, pre-
sented the Minnesota Institution with \$110 for a
stereoscopic and for Christmas presents.

NINE boys work four hours a day in the Kansas
Institution broom shop. Twenty-five dozen
brooms were lately turned out in one week.

THE *Mutes' Companion* turned up at the Kan-
sas Institution recently, labeled "*The Index Inst.*
D. & D., Olathe, Kan." Confound that cow.

THE report of the Illinois Institution is a short
and business-like document. We wish Dr. Gilbert
had detailed his views on the cottage system.

THE principal of the Nebraska Institution was
surprised recently, by the gift to the school of a
new carriage. He wants to be surprised again.

EXAMINATIONS were held in the Ohio Insti-
tution from the 23d of January to the 5th of Feb-
ruary, embracing every department in the school.

A BOY strayed from the Illinois Institution,
and, after being duly advertised, he turned up
in Denver, Colorado. Moral. Advertise freely.

THE *Mirror* man is not the only one who has
quit the vice weed that ends in smoke. THE old
friend, Mr. *Scissors*, the Kentuckian, has sworn
off too.

PRINCIPALS Fay and Noyes of Ohio and Minne-
sota, respectively, got their diploma from Phil-
lips' Academy, the oldest incorporated academy
in the country.

THE man who sends the subscription money,
but no address, at least the money, turned up
in the mail of the *Kansas Star*. Credit it to your
"Conscience Fund."

THE grounds of the Nebraska Institution, after
being occupied six years, are still pretty much as
nature made them. Money is wanted to make
them presentable.

THE *Gazette* advertises for an institution paper
to make the second member of the mutual ad-
miration society it is anxious to establish. We
recommend the *Advance*.

A CASE was on trial before the Surrogate in
New York, recently, and a deaf witness caused
considerable halloving, and made the usual blun-
ders in understanding simple questions.

ACCORDING to the Boston *Daily Journal* the pu-
pils of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn.,
are issuing daily a little sheet called the *News*,
which is struck off on an electric pen press.

THE Michigan Institution boy who bottomed a
pair of boots in one hour and fifty-one minutes
at the Institution shoe shop, has gone home to
recreate. He is a good boy, but overdoes
things.

THE Illinois Institution proposes to utilize its
old shop buildings as a sort of kindergarten es-
tablishment for its younger pupils, thus happily
separating them from the incompatible compani-
onship of the older pupils.

THE deaf-mute lecturer who was declared lost,
and hence a proper subject for advertisement,
has turned up in Georgia, with some \$1,100 ac-
cumulated gains, which, when he has settled his
bill, he will accompany home.

"D. E. HALL and family" are the father and
mother, presumably deaf-mutes, for they got
their name in a deaf-mute paper. They must be
a numerous family, for they are spoken of as a
"polite and affable people."

THERE is a place in Louisiana called Hard
Times Landing, and a paper, in noting that a
mute lady resides there, begins the announcement:
"Her friends will be glad to know," &c. We shall
be glad to know that she has removed.

IF the State will appropriate \$1,200 the Minne-
sota Institution will take a class of feeble-minded
children and instruct them. The *Star* wants to
know, since they have the deaf, dumb, and the
blind already, why not scoop in the insane, and
done with it.

AN effort was made some time since before the
Manhattan Literary Association to get a resolu-
tion passed to the effect that a deaf-mute lost
caste by returning to his institution to spend the
remainder of an unexpired term and learning
something new.

THE buildings of the Nebraska Institution are
located three miles from Omaha, and there are
such nuisances as hills along the road. The in-
stitution feels good over the action of the com-
missioners in taking off ten feet from the
worst of these hills, and hopes are entertained of
a future respectable grade.

JOHN Bowden, of Marblehead, Mass., says:
"On the 30th of January another little stranger
was added to our little family. Our Harry seems
to enjoy his new brother. We named it Walter
Harrington."

No word can tell how much we admire your
valuable paper. We always look fondly for its
weekly appearance."

We learn from Albany, the New York *Ex-
press*, that Comptroller Olcott is pressing upon
the Finance and Ways and Means Committee
of the Legislature a reduction of the *per-capita*
support of the deaf, dumb and blind throughout
the State, of \$50 each; or, in its full amount, \$500,
000, reducing the usual appropriation from \$300,
000 to \$250,000.

THE *Mirror*, in alluding up the Eastern situa-
tion says: "Russia has been outgeneraled; that
is, satisfying the other powers by weakening her-
self in the war." We don't know about that. The
last few events (we write Feb. 12th,) have been
such as to inspire terror at Russian strategy, and
to send the whole British fleet to the Bosphorus,
while the British lion roars in his lair.

FOR some time past eleven young deaf Siamese
have been residing at Cahn, in Silesia, a place
remarkable for its institutions for the education
of the deaf. There being no German Siamese
dictionary, or grammar, they have had to learn
English as a stepping-stone for German. They
were sent to Germany in preference to England,
on the score of the superior dryness of the climate.

PROF. Job Turner, who is now on a brief visit
to his friends here, will hold service in the sign-
language, on Wednesday night, in the Episcopal
Church, for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of the
D. D. & B. Institution. It will be an occasion of
interest to others than deaf-mutes.

PROF. Turner will prosecute his mission labors
for the deaf-mutes in the several Southern States
during the winter, and in the Western States in
the spring, and then, after another visit to his
friends here, he will spend the summer laboring
in the Northern and New England States.—*Stanton*
Va., Spectator, Jan. 12, 1878.

THE twenty-sixth annual report of the Wiscon-
sin Institute for the Education of the Deaf and
Dumb, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1877, has
come to us. A highly-esteemed member of the
Board of Trustees, Hon. Willard Isham, died dur-
ing the year. Mr. C. L. Williams, a teacher,
and Miss Bishop, the Matron, resigned their re-
spective positions. During the year 180 pupils
were registered; the average attendance was 155.
The year was marked by almost unembarrassed
work, general good health, good order and reason-
able success. The estimated number of deaf-
mutes in the State is about 600, the ratio being
about one in every 2,000, from which it plainly
appears that there is a large number, that are of
school age, who are not being educated. The
pupils at the institution represented 28 counties,
leaving 10 counties, containing 50,000 people,
that sent no pupils; but, of course, it was not for
the lack of them. The principal expresses the
opinion that, allowing to each the full term pre-
scribed by law, there ought to be 250 pupils in
the institute. The industrial department is in a
good condition, and shows good effects in pre-
serving order, and inducing habits of regularity
and industry. The total expense per pupil, in-
cluding everything, was \$202.75, and, counting
the entire household, the cost of subsistence
alone was about \$1 per week. The total expen-
se of the institution was \$35,010.90. The institu-
tion provides free board and tuition to all deaf-
mute children belonging to the State, and it
seems a great pity that many more who need
them do not avail themselves of the privileges
offered.

IT is possible we were mistaken when we said
we believed the examinations of the pupils of the
Central New York Institution were the most rigid
of all the institutions. The *Mirror* says we are.
We gave the *modus operandi*, and left it for others
to speak if they had any kindred experiments
to present. It will be the privilege to repeat the
system, which is an adoption of the course pur-
sued in the higher schools and colleges, with
original modifications. The first idea the class
and teachers in the Central New York Institution
have that there is to be an examination is a
notice on the school bulletin board, to the effect
that class "30 and 31" will assemble in its school
room on such and such a Saturday, and be ex-
amined in such and such studies. This notice is
made public two or three days previous to the
date. When Saturday comes the pupils, on en-
tering their rooms, find on their desks papers
containing printed questions, blank paper and
pencils, with a notice stating them in the face,
from one of the large slates, that they have an
hour to answer the questions in each study. An
hour each, from 9 to 12 o'clock, is considered
time enough to go through three studies. The
luckless laggard has to take his chances. These
questions are prepared solely by the principal
without consultation with any of the teachers,
except to inquire how far in each study the class
has progressed. Excepting such questions in
Geography as, "What is a cape?" etc., which are
stereotyped from generation to generation, the
chances are one in a thousand of the pupil's hav-
ing ever had one of them previously propounded
to him. Teachers of the deaf generally will see
right here where the shoe pinches; for the pupil
often has to think a good deal before he compre-
hends the meaning of the question itself, and
generally speaking the comprehension of the
deaf-mute pupil of a class of two to five years'
standing of original interrogatives is not to be
relied on. He is as apt as any way to comprehend
quite a confused meaning. For instance: it is
only the teacher of the deaf who can even sus-
pect the process of reasoning by which one pupil,
after a good think, at this stunner in his arith-
metic sheet: "What is the sign of addition?"
wrote: "Yes sir!" He doubtless thought he was
asked if he understood addition. One can already
see that if he had the opportunity of having this
question explained in signs he would have got
along better. But the examiner knew no such
privilege. The teacher is bound and gagged, as
far as all help goes; and the principal, who is al-
ways present in person, lends his presence to see
that there is no smuggling of books, and no mu-
tual assistance on the part of the pupils. Copy-
ing is out of the question, so isolated is each pu-
pil, one at each desk, which in every day routine
comfortably seats two; and if ever boys or girls
are on their merits, it is then.

We have a great respect for the educational
work of the Michigan Institution, strengthened by
a personal acquaintance of a good portion of the
personelle of the corps; and we do not assert that
the standard of deaf-mute improvement is truth-
fully gauged by the merits of its examinations.
We are speaking of the rigid. Will the *Mirror*
kindly explain its system of examination in Michi-
gan? Then we can strike a comparison.

THE *Mirror* man has quit smoking. Congratu-
lations are in order.

THE *Mirror* is thankful that its Legislative
sessions are biennial.

THREE hundred volumes have been added to
the Illinois Institution library.

A REWILDERED man entered the Kansas Insti-
tution, and asked if it was a hotel.

H. S. Darnielle is President of the North-west-
ern Deaf-Mute Christian Association.

THE cow nuisance is a serious thing down at
the Virginia Institution. Butcher a few.

THE *Gazette* rubs its hands in joyful visions of
the treat coming in a local breach of promise case.

A SEMI-mute pupil of the Nebraska Institution
has contributed a creditable article to the local
paper.

THE "Let us have peace" motto of the *Tablet*
has been beautifully worsened by a young lady
down there.

THE *Kansas Star* says the British bull is just
the "critter" to paw and snort when all the dan-
ger is over.

"Add Panache," says the *Kansas Star*, has sub-
scribed \$100 to the Northwestern Deaf-Mute
Christian Association.

THE Alabama Institution is fitted up nicely for
80 pupils. The paraphernalia is all there; but
the pupils don't come.

When this item reaches the public the semi-
annual examinations of the Michigan Institution
will have come and gone.

THEY had an entertainment at the Kansas In-
stitution recently. The programme was varied.
Mr. R. T. Thompson conducted it.

A TRAMP with a black eye turned up at the
Colorado Institution, and begged the loan of ten
cents, and the *Star* man asks if he got it.

DR. GILBERT, of the Illinois Institution, speaks
a good word for his officers, complimenting them
for pulling together in perfect harmony.

THE editor of the *Kansas Star* says currency is
getting scarce, and if it can't get the "dollars of
our daddies" it will take any other man's.

MRS. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, pre-
sented the Minnesota Institution with \$110 for a
stereoscopic and for Christmas presents.

NINE boys work four hours a day in the Kansas
Institution broom shop. Twenty-five dozen
brooms were lately turned out in one week.

THE *Mutes' Companion* turned up at the Kan-
sas Institution recently, labeled "*The Index Inst.*
D. & D., Olathe, Kan." Confound that cow.

THE report of the Illinois Institution is a short
and business-like document. We wish Dr. Gilbert
had detailed his views on the cottage system.

THE principal of the Nebraska Institution was
surprised recently, by the gift to the school of a
new carriage. He wants to be surprised again.

EXAMINATIONS were held in the Ohio Insti-
tution from the 23d of January to the 5th of Feb-
ruary, embracing every department in the school.

A BOY strayed from the Illinois Institution,
and, after being duly advertised, he turned up
in Denver, Colorado. Moral. Advertise freely.

THE *Mirror* man is not the only one who has
quit the vice weed that ends in smoke. THE old
friend, Mr. *Scissors*, the Kentuckian, has sworn
off too.

PRINCIPALS Fay and Noyes of Ohio and Minne-
sota, respectively, got their diploma from Phil-
lips' Academy, the oldest incorporated academy
in the country.

THE man who sends the subscription money,
but no address, at least the money, turned up
in the mail of the *Kansas Star*. Credit it to your
"Conscience Fund."

THE grounds of the Nebraska Institution, after
being occupied six years, are still pretty much as
nature made them. Money is wanted to make
them presentable.

THE *Gazette* advertises for an institution paper
to make the second member of the mutual ad-
miration society it is anxious to establish. We
recommend the *Advance*.

A CASE was on trial before the Surrogate in
New York, recently, and a deaf witness caused
considerable halloving, and made the usual blun-
ders in understanding simple questions.

ACCORDING to the Boston *Daily Journal* the pu-
pils of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn.,
are issuing daily a little sheet called the *News*,
which is struck off on an electric pen press.

THE Michigan Institution boy who bottomed a
pair of boots in one hour and fifty-one minutes
at the Institution shoe shop, has gone home to
recreate. He is a good boy, but overdoes
things.

Local Paragraphs.

L. C. Rider is confined to the house
by sickness.

We are sorry to hear that Ebenezer
Whitney is getting no better.

Mr. Washburn, who has been sick
for some time past, is a little better.

Dr. David Whyborn and wife, of
Cleveland, N. Y., were in town last week.

Ned J. Stone, of Syracuse, is spend-
ing a few days with his friends in this
village.

Joshua Wadley has hired Almeron
Thomas' saw-mill, and acts natural in
working at his old business.

Mr. Josiah Rickard of this town re-
cently sold out, with the intention of
settling somewhere in Minnesota.

Miss Lucinda Whitney, of this town,
a highly-respected member of society,
died a few days ago of consumption.

Chas. Sager and C. Mason, of Syra-
cuse, lately made a short visit with
the family of Mrs. J. R. Stone, in this
village.

Miss Anna Irish gave a party to
some of her schoolmates Friday eve-
ning, the 8th inst. The evening was
spent very pleasantly.

There has been quite a rush of pota-
toes to our depot for some time past.
"Alec" Myers has lately been paying
45 cents a bushel for them.

There is a movement on foot for the
overhauling and remodeling of the M.
E. Church, during the coming summer,
at an estimated cost of \$4,000.

The funeral services, conducted by
the pastor, Rev. J. Q. Adams, of Mr.
David Whyborn were held last Friday
afternoon, at the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Crosby, one of our esteemed
citizens, who died on the 16th inst.,
was buried last Tuesday, Revs. Adams
and McGahan officiating at the services.

The low price of wood in this sec-
tion, this winter, has induced some of
our citizens who have been burning
coal to fall back on the former article.

Mr. L. D. Snell, proprietor of the
Carley House, Parish, into which he
recently moved from the Martin House,
gave an opening party Tuesday eve-
ning, the 12th inst.

Rev. A. Parke Burgess, of Newark,
N. Y., and who was formerly pastor of
the Prattville Church, occupies the pul-
pit at the Presbyterian Church in this
village next Sunday.

Mr. James M. Brown, of this village,
built a very nice and comfortable house
last year, but he says a house is never
finished till an addition is made to it,
and he proposes to erect one for his this

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by our correspondents.]

CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Saturday, the 9th inst., we were favored with a driving snow storm, which repaired the damage done to the sleighing by the heavy rain and warm weather of the two previous days.

In the evening Prof. Johnson delivered a lecture before the Central New York Deaf-Mute Literary Association. His subject, he entitled "A desultory dissertation on dietetics." He divided all men into two classes: those who eat to live, and those who live to eat. The first, he said, were wise, the second, foolish. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that a large part of our enjoyment was derived from eating. People were again divided into two other classes: those who lived by the sweat of their own brows, and those who lived by the sweat of other people's brows. The first were producers; the last, consumers.

Some people ate chiefly meat; some ate nothing but vegetables, and others ate both. Hence, other divisions were possible. Eating was a matter of religion with some; of taste with others and of purely sensuous enjoyment with some, while it was a necessity to all. The food of each people or nation was regulated very much, by the climate and productions of the country. From the manna, furnished the Israelites in the Wilderness, through the long array of fish, flesh and fowl, of luxuries and necessities, of staples and occasional, of liquids innumerable, to the earth eaten by certain nations, not to mention insects of the smallest kind, he concluded that no living thing existed on earth which was not eaten by somebody. Food was a matter of education and prejudice. "What was one man's meat was another man's poison." He sketched the extravagant luxury of the Roman Empire, and the poverty and starvation of nations in cold and barren countries, in vivid contrast. He made his audience feel thankful that there were no extremes with them. He related many very amusing facts and anecdotes in connection with his subject, and, after the introductory part was over, he kept them in a roar of laughter and interested them thoroughly. His subject was too extensive to be gone over thoroughly in the hour and a half allotted to him, and we noticed that he skipped a large part of his notes.

A sociable is next in order, we believe, and then another debate. Subject yet in embryo. There is talk of a pantomime on Washington's Birthday, for which our new chapel offers great facilities, and we have abundance of material for performers among our older pupils.

Our neighbor, Evan Evans, and his wife, once Miss Fanwood, have a daily and hourly joy in watching the progress of their four months' darling, a bouncing healthy boy, and those who have seen him pronounce him a promising scion of the Evans family.

Considering the variable character of the weather the past winter, the health of our pupils has been remarkably good, only the usual allowance of coughs and colds having been our portion thus far. This is due, mainly, to our excellent sanitary arrangements and the constant watch for symptoms of sickness, and prompt attention given them by our principal and his assistants.

We hear of a painful accident to the wife of Owen W. Evans, of this city, which happened on Saturday evening last. It appears that she was cleaning a pair of kid gloves with "non-explosive fluid," and had the gloves on her hands. Holding them too near the fire to dry them more rapidly, the fluid caught fire and blazed. No one was near at the time, and her hands were quite badly burned before she could extinguish the flames. Fortunately, the damage was confined to her hands. She suffers a good deal, but no permanent injury seems to have been inflicted, although it will be some time before she entirely recovers.

REPORTER.

Rome, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1878.

TIN WEDDING.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans, of East Boston, Mass., was celebrated on the night of the 11th inst., by a tin wedding. A large number of friends were present. The gifts embraced some useful and unique presents, and the occasion was one of rare pleasure. A nice supper was prepared for the guests.

The Western New York Deaf-Mute Institution Scholars Go to the Shows.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A few weeks ago the pupils of the Western New York Institution were invited to go to Concert Hall to see two gems of art, by a foreign painter. They were paintings of the Holy Land, in two different aspects: Jerusalem in its grandeur, and Jerusalem in its decay, or as it is today. The temple of Jerusalem, as we all know, was for the worship of the Lord. It was defended by walls built by Solomon. The temple in all its magnificence formed the front of the picture. We could see every different point very distinctly, and we could imagine ourselves walking in its courts. On the right hand a great tower and palace was built by the Romans, because they wished to watch the Jews. King Herod had a great amphitheatre in which, perhaps, the Romans celebrated their games, and some of the Christians died. Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem is represented in the foreground. Three Roman soldiers are watching the Jews. In the other picture Jerusalem appears as it is today, in its decay. We could hardly realize that it was the same place, because its grandeur is gone and its beautiful valleys all filled up by the accumulation of ages. The pictures measured, I should think, 16 by 25 feet. We enjoyed the lecture of the gentleman who exhibited them. Prof. Westervelt translated it in signs.

Last week we went to Washington Hall to see the tallest and smallest persons in the world. Upon entering we saw two giants standing quite near us. Their names were Captain and Mrs. Bates. Admiral Dot and Midget were walking up and down the stage. I had seen Admiral Dot at Barnum's great show in New York, but the little girl I had never seen. Captain Bates was dressed in a fancy dress, like a soldier. In London, Captain Bates was married to his present wife. He received a gold watch and his wife a diamond ring from the Queen of England. We all laughed at Midget; she was so small and not much larger than a Guinea pig. She weighed 4½ lbs., and was fourteen years old. She drinks a thimbleful of coffee every day. She is 20½ inches in height. Captain Bates is seven feet, eleven and one half inches high, and weighs 478 lbs., and his wife weighs 413 lbs. They traveled in Europe three years.

Some of the pupils saw an imitation of the Strasburg clock, in which they were very much interested.

Respectfully yours, T. J. Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1878.

BROOKLYN'S HORROR.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY—HEROISM WHICH COST AN ADDITIONAL LIFE—A DEAD AND DUMB LADY RUN OVER—IDENTIFIED ON THE FOURTH DAY AFTER HER DEATH.

Mary McDonald, a deaf-mute, aged 64, has been missing from her home, No. 46 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, since the 13th inst.—*N. Y. Times*, Dec. 17, 1877.

The above appeared in the *JOURNAL* of Dec. 20th last.

An unknown lady and James Donlan, a youth of eighteen years, were killed by one of the steam transit motors on Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, shortly after six o'clock, Dec. 14th. Donlan's death occurred under circumstances of a most melancholy character. He was standing near the crossing where the accident took place when he saw his companion in disaster walk across the street. She was apparently oblivious of the fact that an engine was approaching, and he and several bystanders called out to warn her of her imminent peril. Their cries were totally unheeded, the fated woman going to her doom without paying the least attention to her dangerous surroundings. Young Donlan sprang forward and grasped her by the shoulder; the astonished woman turned indignantly around as though resenting an impertinence, and the unfortunate young man who had grasped her with a vise-like grip was swung fairly against the approaching locomotive, the result being that it struck his skull with crushing force, cracking it like an egg-shell and inflicting fatal injuries. She whom he had so gallantly attempted to shield from death met with a fate equally deplorable. The wheels of the locomotive passed over both legs almost completely severing them, and she sustained other injuries which released her instantly from all sense of pain. She died before she was lifted from the track, and her would-be rescuer succumbed at two o'clock. All attempts to identify her have thus far failed, although who she was will undoubtedly be known before long, the contents of her pocket-book affording some very efficient clues. Some light is thrown upon her movements, before the tragedy

occurred, by a gentleman. He states that some twenty or thirty minutes previously he got upon a Fulton avenue car. Among the passengers he noticed the deceased, who was very anxious that she should not be taken past Grand avenue. She asked Mr. Phillips where that thoroughfare was and he replied by writing that he was going to it and would let her know when it was reached. Accordingly when the car arrived at the corner of Grand and Fulton avenues Mr. Phillips signaled the conductor, and the vehicle was stopped. With his assistance the deceased alighted, and, after seeing her safely in the street, he crossed over to Atlantic. Turning his head he saw also that the lady was going in that direction. He had just crossed over the last named thoroughfare, when he heard a number of people cry "get back, get back!" He looked behind him and saw that his fellow passenger had been run over by the engine. The cars came to a standstill as soon as the last one had cleared the remains, and he then saw that some one else had been involved in her destruction.

A young man named McAuley states that when the old lady left the sidewalk he was standing near the crossing with two other youths, one of whom was Donlan. All three recognized the woman's danger at the same moment, and their cries of warning were probably simultaneous. He presumed that she would stop when she was a sufficient distance from the track to permit the free passage of the motor, and it was not until she placed her foot upon the track that he fully realized her danger. When Donlan seized her it was evident that she could have had no knowledge of the impending danger. She looked upon his interference as an insult, and in the effort to relieve herself turned quickly around. She faced them just as the engine caught her.

The motor proceeded to its destination, and the bodies were taken from the street. Donlan's unconscious form was carried to the city hospital, and the remains of the lady were conveyed to the Tenth Precinct Station House. From a small green pocketbook which was found upon her were taken two business cards, one bearing the name of William Heller, of 91 Chambers street, New York, and the other that of J. T. Ashley, 154 Second street. While Officer Ruble chased the receding locomotive, a messenger was sent by Captain Campbell to Mr. Ashley's house. He reported that that gentleman did not know the name of the deceased, but that he thought she had been employed as a shirt-maker by Mrs. Heller. He also had an impression that she was a resident of Flatbush, where, having recently lost some near relatives, she was living all alone. Enquiries were subsequently made at Flatbush, where, however, no facts of importance were elicited. In the meantime officer Ruble had taken into custody Delaney, the engineer, and Rothwell, the conductor of the train. The latter denied all knowledge of the affair, other than that which was already known, and the former emphatically declares that he did not see either Donlan or the fated lady until a moment before he felt the dull thud caused by the passage of the wheels over the latter's body.

Thos. Whalen, the flagman employed at the crossing, makes a statement, which is endorsed by a number of eye witnesses. It is to the effect that he shouted with the rest. At the moment when he saw that an accident was probable, he caught sight of another lady approaching from the other side of the avenue and whom he also found it necessary to warn. He did so and she retreated, and the next thing he heard was a shock which told him plainly what had happened.

The motor, which was on its way from East New York, left Franklin avenue, its last stopping place before the tragedy, at 6:15. The distance to this fatal spot from that point is about thirteen hundred feet, or two long blocks, so that the motor had got under full headway when it reached the Grand avenue crossing. Both prisoners were held to await the action of the coroner.

Joseph Donlan was the son of Patrick Donlan, a Ninth Ward builder and contractor. He was, as already stated, seventeen years of age, and was employed by his father. He is spoken of as being a young man of excellent habits, and a very general sympathy is expressed for his bereaved parents.

The police are still engaged in the effort to establish the identity of the deceased woman. By permission of the coroner her body was this morning removed to the morgue, where it has already been viewed by a large number of persons. Coroner Simms repaired to the residence of Mr. Donlan, where a jury was empaneled. They

viewed the body of the young man, permission for its burial being subsequently given. The jurors were then taken to the morgue, where the other body was also viewed. The personnel of the jurors is such that a very searching investigation is assured.

The engineer and conductor were taken from the Tenth Precinct Station to the Court House. After a brief consultation with Rothwell, the Coroner came to the conclusion that his further detention was not advisable, seeing that he knew absolutely nothing of the circumstances surrounding the disaster. Delaney, the engineer, was held in bonds to the amount of \$1,500 to appear at the inquest. He is an intelligent looking young man of about twenty-eight years, and his explanation of the affair is candid and straight forward. He has been employed upon the line since it went into operation, and is described as a careful and competent engineer.

On the 17th inst. the body was identified as Mary McDonald. Her apartment at that address is situated about one hundred yards from the spot upon which her life was so tragically terminated, a circumstance which adds another puzzling feature to the case. Why she should have made such enquiries as led one of her fellow passengers in a Fulton avenue car to suppose she was a stranger in the vicinity is difficult to understand, and suggests the idea that she was suffering from temporary aberration of mind.

Mr. J. M. Hopper, an undertaker doing business on the corner of Court and Joralemon streets, gives the following particulars concerning the deceased lady:

"I knew her and her two sisters very well. About the middle of March one of them died, and I was called upon to bury her. The second one was so much affected by the bereavement that her own demise occurred, less than a month later. My charges were duly paid by the remaining sister. What leads me to suppose that her financial circumstances were not such as they have been supposed to be is the fact that I was asked to defer my collections until a given date, when the money which was lying in the savings bank could be drawn out without loss of interest. The neighbors say that Mary had rather a queer reputation. The general impression was that she was a little eccentric, somewhat miserly and very well 'fixed,' so far as this world's goods are concerned. Mrs. Annie L. Manning, of 832 Bergen street, had known the deceased for many years. She says that she was about fifty years of age and had long been a sufferer from catarrh. Previous to taking up her residence in Atlantic avenue she had lived somewhere in Livingston street, where she was supposed to be in very good circumstances. Early on Monday morning Mrs. Manning had seen her in a drug store, at 966 Atlantic avenue. Emma Wagstaff, a niece of Miss Barnes, has given Mr. Hopper directions for the funeral. Before the inquest commenced Captain Campbell of the Tenth Precinct completed his investigation into the deceased's worldly circumstances. Chief Campbell states that a Mr. Williams, doing business at Park place, New York, was on friendly terms with the old lady and that his wife and sister paid a visit to her residence on Sunday last. At that visit, however, nothing transpired which led them to suppose that she contemplated suicide.

The writer first reported this case to the paper on which he is employed, and, as it has been quite interesting, he sends it to the *JOURNAL* for the sake of the deaf-mutes.

B. B.

Temperance Lecture and a Sociable.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Wednesday evening, the sixth of February, was appointed for a temperance meeting and social party for deaf-mutes, to be held at the residence of Mr. Ozias Getman, Sammonsville, Fulton Co., N. Y. The day being pleasant and warm permitted the surrounding deaf-mutes to come by sleigh and cars. We went there without our noses and ears being frozen.

Union Church was, unexpectedly, crowded. After a short service of prayer, your correspondent delivered a lecture on temperance, in sign language, while an intelligent gentleman named Mr. Arthur Hillebrand, read the lecture to the hearing persons of the audience. While the choir sang a Gospel Temperance Hymn, twenty-six persons, five of them deaf-mutes, signed the Murphy Pledge, and donned the blue ribbon.

After the close of the service we went down to Mr. Getman's residence, which is nearly opposite the Union Church. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and a long

table was bountifully provided with oysters, hams, cake, coffee, cracked nuts, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Getman deserve the praise of skillfully managing the party, which numbered about fifty, ten of whom were deaf-mutes. Among them were Mrs. L. S. Backus, Misses J. Short and E. Hodder, Mr. and Mrs. Getman, Messrs. F. Fox, Geo. W. Campbell and others. It afforded us great amusement to converse and play games and jokes until our eyes were so tired that we could not refrain from falling into slumber, and we retired before the light of the morning. It was one of the pleasantest gatherings that we have ever had.

J. E. S.

Cherry Valley, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1878.

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The world moves; if it did not, we would not be writing about an institution in Central New York. Some of our youthful readers may not know that years ago, sometime about the thirties, there was an institution located at Canajoharie. It flourished, in its way, for several years, under the name of the "Central Asylum," but reasons, probably conclusive at the time, caused it to be merged with the New York Institution. Consequently the deaf of Central New York had to go to the metropolis for their education, till the existence of our present organization has brought them ample, though rather tardy justice.

What we need now is a building. This is not a new discovery of want with us. The necessity is an old one, and about this time of the year the average reader of the *JOURNAL* casts about for news in this respect. The signs are not many, and, on the whole, are rather negative. We recollect that during our first year a plot of ground was given us, and on its strength plans were put on paper, and during the winter months sundry loads of foundation stone were hauled up on the proposed site and duly dumped; but all this alluring show did not suffice to catch the public-spirited citizen, whose coffers were known to be ample, and whose benevolence was proportionately gauged.

The next year the plans for buildings received an addition in the shape of an excellent photograph of the institution building in perspective; more stones found their way to the dumping ground, and delegations to Albany were the order of the day. These succeeded so well that the Governor was given a chance to sit on the whole thing, which he did with an alacrity and completeness that won him golden encomiums from every enemy of ours.

We do not propose to run any risks of having our patriotism assailed or even suspected, and so, right here, we want it distinctly understood that if any hilarity is noticed in our remarks it has ample cause. Have we not noticed with a satisfaction, that the world will never know, that no more stones have been hauled and dumped this winter? Have we not seen and felt, (yea we have felt), the dust upon the innocent photograph of the building elevation? Do we not know that those many cooks spoiling the broth, are not apparently anxious to assist at a fresh stew? Can any reader, therefore, with a soul within him, wonder that we gaze upon the signs before us and laugh? Should we write as though narrating our grandmother's funeral? Besides, there is a species of luck for which we are famous. Let no philosopher turn up his nose when we say luck; failing in all else we cling to this particular luck. We would rather pin our faith on some people's luck than on other folk's bonds. And so, for the present, this committee of one moves to report progress on the building question, and votes to take a recess.

Early in the fall a pupil of Elmira was transferred to us from New York. Her name was Laura A. Davis. She had the seeds of a fatal pulmonary disease when she came, and on a visit home, during the holidays, she rapidly grew worse, and we were notified soon after of her death. This makes the fourth death of pupils connected with this institution since its organization—one at school and three at home. All were victims of pulmonary disease. Those that are with us (108), excepting an occasional slight indisposition, are in good health and learning fast. Your correspondent, as you doubtless know, has his hands comfortably full. An occasional gift of a pumpkin soothes his weary way, and does its work in infusing gratitude and appreciation.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1878.

—The Irish societies of Boston have decided not to parade on St. Patrick's day, but to attend, instead thereof, a lecture in the evening.

A CENTENARIAN INTERVIEWED.

FIVE SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS OF LIFE—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDEST LIVING PERSON IN OSWEGO COUNTY.

(Mexico Cor. Oswego Palladium.)

MEXICO, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1878.

In a rural neighborhood in the town of Albion lives Mrs. Mary Fry, the oldest person in the county, and with three exceptions the oldest living woman in the State. She first saw the light in Charleston, Montgomery county, one hundred and seven years ago, and still lives to belie the repeated reports of her death. The writer chanced to meet her a few days since at the residence of her son, Henry L. Fry, near Dugway, and gleaned a few scraps of her eventful history.

Not much notice has heretofore been taken of her in the public journals, as she always lived quietly at home on a somewhat retired farm, and like a sensible woman devoted herself to the common duties of life, only ambitious to be known as a loving parent and a good neighbor. She was never on a steamboat or in a railroad car. We were too late by three or four years to obtain much information from her own lips, and are indebted mainly to her family and neighbors for these facts.

When her weak and withered figure appeared in the room it seemed as though some ghost had been summoned from the dead past, or that she had strayed away from some other planet. She has evidently passed six of the "seven ages" and commenced playing the last scene on the world's stage, so well described by Shakspeare in "As You Like It."

Her memory is now vague and uncertain, and her mind is cloudy. Time has dealt more kindly with her body than with her mental faculties. Her appetite is good. Her face indicates a life at 90, but her long, bony, bloodless hand, filled with blue veins, feel cold and clammy and shows a very prolonged life. Her hearing is still good and it is a little remarkable that she has lost and regained this faculty a number of times during her life. Her eyes have served her remarkably well and she says they are good yet, but we noticed they were somewhat dim. Her average weight during her early years was about 150, but now she would hardly pull down 80 pounds. Up to her one hundred and third year she retained her intellect. She now seems glad to see company and converses pleasantly, but her ideas are much mixed. For a few moments, however, during our interview, her reason seemed enthroned again and her tremulous voice was cheery, with a quaint, old fashioned speech. With great animation she related with apparent correctness reminiscences that occurred half a century ago, in which the Brewsters and Pratts of Prattville were the heroes, and told of the part she took in the preparation of the refreshments which regaled the guests at Judge Skinner's wedding fifty or sixty years ago.

HER HISTORY.

Grandma Fry, by which name she has been known for over fifty years, was born Sept. 10th, 1770. The exact date of her birth was settled a few years ago by the examination of old records, necessarily made in the great legal controversy pending among the claimants of the Trinity Church property in New York city. She is in some way mixed up with that litigation, having expectations concerning it, and her testimony was taken in the matter a number of years since. Her father came from Holland and her mother from Scotland. She is of a long lived family on all sides. Her father was burned to death, while heroically struggling to save the life of a child from a burning building, when he was 84 years old. Her mother lived to be 98 and her grand parents lived to a great age. Her husband died over 30 years ago. Mrs. Fry has had seven children, five of whom are living. It will be seen that her children are not young, a majority of them having passed the three score and ten mile stone. They are Mrs. Catharine French of Albion, aged 84; Henry L. Fry, Albion, aged 74; John S. Fry, Albion, aged 72; Mrs. Polly Keller, Cicero, aged 70, and Mrs. Mary Ann Coger, Albion, aged 68. About 60 years ago she came to Albion, then a frontier town. At that time there were but three houses between Union Square and the "Checkered House," and those made of logs. Her earlier years in Albion were hard ones. It was no holiday amusement to bring up a family in those days; in fact during the first eighty-five years of her life she knew but little ease, and has with patience and fortitude borne many a cross and heavy burden. Her vitality was wonderful, and carried her through many emergencies and exposures. She has slept many a

dark night in the forests of Montgomery county, secreted from the Indians, and has for months in her early life cut all her own fire wood. She has fought the battle of life with a heroism which but few of the present generation know anything about.

HER REMINISCENCES.

Before her mind failed, she faintly remembered the troubles between the Indians and early settlers in her childhood, and had quite distinct impressions of most of the battles of the revolutionary war, particularly the treason of Benedict Arnold. She frequently saw Generals Wayne and Schuyler, and remembered some of the legal battles between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, which occurred at a later day in her native county, and also the duel which closed the brilliant career of the latter.

THE SECRET OF GREAT AGE.

Many will be anxious to know the secret of her remarkable longevity. Her own opinion is probably as good as any on the subject. She attributes it to her being of long-lived stock and to her active life in pure country air. Like most centenarians, she has always avoided extreme notions or crochets on the subject of diet, and lived her whole life in daily violation of some of the health maxims of Dio Lewis. Her habits have, however, been simple and regular—eating and drinking moderately of everything her appetite seemed to crave. She always had plenty of sleep, and in this respect resembles most aged people. At the age of sixteen she had the scarlet fever, and with this exception never has known much about sickness. She never drank coffee. Dispepsia is a thing unknown to her.

Up to the age of 100 she ate meat and cake quite sparingly; now she eats meat freely. Bread and potatoes with plenty of salt have always been her principal diet. She has a weakness for green tea, and has always drank largely of it. It will be a comfort to those who use the weed to know that she is a smoker, having contracted the habit at the early age of 16, and followed it faithfully for over 90 years. Her pipe is one of the luxuries she would never forego. In those good old Dutch days, she says, in the Mohawk Valley they all smoked and raised their own tobacco.

EVENTS SHE HAS OUTLIVED.

It is difficult to realize the profound changes which have occurred within her life time. Empires have risen and fallen; revolution has succeeded revolution, and sovereign after sovereign have been driven from their thrones. She remembers the excitement in this country over the horrors of the French Revolution, and took great interest in the marvelous career of Napoleon. She lived under the reign of George III and of all our presidents from Washington to Hayes. It seems hardly possible that she was in the bloom of womanhood "with lovers around her sighing" when Washington was first elected president, and was about 30 when he died; that she was 42 years old when Byron published *Childe Harold*, and 35 years old when Schiller, the poet of her countrymen, died; that she was in the prime of life when the war of 1812 occurred, and was an old lady of 76 at the time of the war with Mexico.

The discovery of gold in California did more, perhaps, to revolutionize the business and commerce of the world than any other event. Mrs. Fry was 78 years old when it occurred, and has lived 30 years—the full average of female life—since that event. It seems strange to think that when she was born Utica might be termed our western frontier, and that she has lived to see that frontier recede from time to time to Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and from thence onward to the Pacific coast; and stranger still, that she lived when New York city, now the metropolis of the western world, contained only 20,000 inhabitants. She had passed well on into the "sere and yellow leaf" before the appearance of railroads, canals and telegraphs. Though she has floated about on the seas of time for such a long period, yet during the past ten years she has often remarked that her life seemed short, that it was but "a span," and doubtless felt strongly the sentiment:

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers on the day;
He that goes soonest has the least to pay."

Death has not spared a single contemporary of her childhood years. All the once familiar forms and countenances of her early associates have long, long since disappeared from earth, and at the end of a few more months she too will pass peacefully into the slumber of death. Her eyes, now dim and filling with the mists of many years, will soon be closed forever.

G.

